

tion: Heere's no place for you, pray you avoid: Come.

*Corio.* Follow your Function, go, and batten on colde bits. *Pushes him away from him.*

3 What you will not? Prythee tell my Maister, what a strange Guest he ha's heere.

2 And I shall.

*Exit second Servingman.*

3 Where dwel'st thou?

*Corio.* Under the Canopy.

3 Under the Canopy?

*Corio.* I.

3 Where's that?

*Corio.* I'th City of Kites and Crowes.

3 I'th City of Kites and Crowes? What an Ass it is, then thou dwel'st with Dawes too?

*Corio.* No, I serue not thy Master.

3 How sir? Do you meddle with my Master?

*Corio.* It is an honest seruice, then to meddle with thy Mistris: Thou pra't'st, and pra't'st, serue with thy trencher: Hence. *Beats him away*

*Enter Aufidius with the Servingman.*

*Auf.* Where is this Fellow?

2 Here sir, I'de haue beaten him like a dogge, but for disturbing the Lords within.

*Auf.* Whence com'st thou? What would'st? Thy name? Why speak'st not? Speake man: What's thy name?

*Corio.* If *Tullus* not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not thinke me for the man I am, necessitie commands me name my selfe.

*Auf.* What is thy name?

*Corio.* A name vnmusical to the Volcians eares, and harsh in sound to thine.

*Auf.* Say, what's thy name?

Thou hast a Grim apparance, and thy Face Beares a Command in't: Though thy Tackles torne, Thou shew'st a Noble Vessell: What's thy name?

*Corio.* Prepare thy brow to frowne: know'st y me yet?

*Auf.* I know thee not? Thy Name?

*Corio.* My name is *Caius Martius*, who hath done

To thee particularly, and to all the Volces Great hurt and Mischiefe: thereto witness may My Surname *Coriolanus*. The painfull Seruice, The extreme Dangers, and the droppes of Blood Shed for my thanklesse Country, are requited:

But with that Surname, a good memorie And witness of the Malice and Displeasure Which thou should'st beare me, only that name remains.

The Cruelty and Envy of the people, Permitted by our dastard Nobles, who Haue all forsooke me, hath deuour'd the rest:

And suffer'd me by th' voyce of Slaues to be Hoop'd out of Rome. Now this extremity, Hath brought me to thy Harth, not out of Hope

(Mistake me not) to saue my life: for if I had fear'd death, of all the Men i'th World I would haue voided thee. But in meere spight

To be full quit of those my Banishers, Stand I before thee heere: Then if thou hast A heart of wreake in thee, that wilt reuenge

Thine owne particular wrongs, and stop those maimes Of shame scene through thy Country, speed thee straight And make my misery serue thy turne: So vse it,

That my reuengefull Seruices may proue As Benefits to thee. For I will fight Against my Cankred Country, with the Splicene Of all the vnder Fiends. But if so be,

Thou dar'st not this, and that to proue more Fortunes

Th'art tyr'd, then in a word, I also am Longer to liue most wearie: and present My throat to thee, and to thy Ancient Malice: Which not to cut, would shew thee but a Foole, Since I haue euer followed thee with hate, Drawne Tunnies of Blood out of thy Countries breast, And cannot liue but to thy shame, vnlesse It be to do thee seruice.

*Auf.* Oh *Martius*, *Martius*! Each word thou hast spoke, hath weeded from my heart A roote of Ancient Envy. If *Iupiter*

Should from yond clowd speake diuine things, And say 'tis true; I'de not beleuee them more

Then thee all-Noble *Martius*. Let me twine Mine armes about that body, where against

My grained Ash an hundred times hath broke, And scarr'd the Moone with splinters: heere I sleep

The Anvile of my Sword, and do contest As hotly, and as Nobly with thy Loue,

As euer in Ambitious strength, I did Contend against thy Valour. Know thou first,

I lou'd the Maid I married: neuer man Sigh'd truer breath. But that I see thee heere

Thou Noble thing, more dances my rapt heart, Then when I first my wedded Mistris saw

Bestride my Threshold. Why, thou Mars I tell thee, We haue a Power on foote: and I had purpose

Once more to hew thy Target from thy Brawne, Or loose mine Arme for't: Thou hast beate mee out

Twelue seuerall times, and I haue nightly since Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thy selfe and me:

We haue bene downe together in my sleepe, Vnbuckling Helmes, fistting each others Throat,

And wak'd halfe dead with nothing. Worthy *Martius*, Had we no other quarrell else to Rome, but that

Thou art thence Banish'd, we would muster all From twelue, to seuentie: and powring Warre

Into the bowels of vngratefull Rome, Like a bold Flood o're-beate. Oh come, go in,

And take our Friendly Senators by'th hands Who now are heere, taking their leaues of mee,

Who am prepar'd against your Territories, Though not for Rome it selfe.

*Corio.* You blesse me Gods.

*Auf.* Therefore most absolute Sir, if thou wilt haue

The leading of thine owne Reuenges, take Th'one halfe of my Commission, and set downe

As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st Thy Countries strength and weaknesse, thine own waies

Whether to knocke against the Gates of Rome, Or rudely visit them in parts remote,

To fight them, ere destroy. But come in, Let me commend thee first, to those that shall

Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes, And more a Friend, then ere an Enemie,

Yet *Martius* that was much. Your hand; most welcome.

*Exeunt*

*Enter two of the Servingmen.*

1 Heere's a strange alteration?

2 By my hand, I had thought to haue stroken him with a Cudgell, and yet my minde gaue me, his clothes made a false report of him.

1 What an Arme he has, he turn'd me about with his finger and his thumbe, as one would set vp a Top.

2 Nay, I knew by his face that there was some-thing in him. He had sir, a kinde of face me thought, I cannot

tell

tell how to teare me it.

1 He had so, looking as it were, would I were hang'd but I thought there was more in him, then I could think.

2 So did I, he be sworne: He is simply the rarest man i'th world.

1 I thinke he is: but a greater soldier then he,

You wot one.

2 Who my Master?

1 Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 Worth six on him.

1 Nay not so neither: but I take him to be the greater Souldiour.

2 Faith looke you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the Defence of a Towne, our Generall is excellent.

1 I, and for an assault too.

*Enter the third Servingman.*

3 Oh Slaues, I can tell you Newes, News you Rascals

*Both.* What, what, what? Let's partake.

3 I would not be a Roman of all Nations; I had as

liue be a condemn'd man.

*Both.* Wherefore? Wherefore?

3 Why here's he that was wont to thwacke our Generall, *Caius Martius*.

1 Why do you say, thwacke our Generall?

3 I do not say thwacke our Generall, but he was alwayes good enough for him

2 Come we are fellowes and friends: he was euer too hard for him, I haue heard him say so himselfe.

1 He was too hard for him directly, to say the Troth

on't before *Corioles*, he scotch'd him, and notch'd him like a Carbinado.

2 And hee had bin Cannibally giuen, hee might haue boyld and eaten him too.

1 But more of thy Newes.

3 Why he is so made on heere within, as if hee were Son and Heire to Mars, set at vpper end o'th Table: No

question askt him by any of the Senators, but they stand bald before him. Our Generall himselfe makes a Mistake

of him, Sanctifies himselfe with's hand, and turnes vp the white o'th'eye to his Discourfe. But the bottome of the

Newes is, our Generall is cut i'th middle, & but one halfe of what he was yesterday. For the other ha's halfe, by

the intreaty and graunt of the whole Table. Hee'l go he

sayes, and sole the Porter of Rome Gates by th' eares. He will mowe all downe before him, and leaue his passage

pould.

2 And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

3 Doo't? he will doo't: for look you sir, he has as many Friends as Enemies: which Friends sir as it were, durst

not (looke you sir) shew themselves (as we terme it) his Friends, whilst he's in Directitude.

1 Directitude? What's that?

3 But when they shall see sir his Crest vp againe, and the man in blood, they will out of their Burroughes (like

Conies after Raine) and reuell all with him.

1 But when goes this forwards?

3 To morrow, to day, presently, you shall haue the Drum strooke vp this afternoone: 'Tis as it were a parcel

of their Feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 Why then wee shall haue a stirring World againe: This peace is nothing, but to rust Iron, increase Taylors,

and breed Ballad-makers.

1 Let me haue Warre say I, it exceeds peace as farre as day do's night: It's sprightly walking, audible, and full

of Vent. Peace, is a very Apoplexy, Lethargie, mull'd,

deafe, sleepe, insensible, a getter of more bastard Chil-

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